

REVIVALIST HARRISON AND HIS WORK

Rev. Thomas Harrison, evangelist, conducting a religious revival in St. Louis at the Centenary Methodist church, is in many ways unlike other revivalists.

In the pulpit, from the moment the first note of sacred music is sounded by the organist, until he dons his top-coat and hat and leaves the church, he is apparently lost to himself.

His methods seem to be no methods. Every act and every utterance sparkles with spontaneity.

He will start the choir to sing some old familiar hymn, and, recalling some little story in connection with the song, will stop the music until he relates the story, closing it always with a little sermon. He breaks all established customs and rules of conduct in the pulpit.

He tells his hearers whose text may be found, and is oftentimes near the end of his discourse before he tells what the text is. He is extremely nervous and emotional, runs and walks about the pulpit, all the while preaching or joining the choir and congregation in song.

When the auditorium rings with song of Christian victory, he mounts a chair and with shoulders thrown back and head erect, stands for a moment before his congregation as the living embodiment of the spirit which enters into the song.

He occupies the entire pulpit. The rapidity and breadth of his movements will admit of no one being on the platform from which he delivers his discourse. When he gets down fully to his text he frequently leaves the platform entirely and walks down among the congregation.

He believes in old-fashioned singing. He believes in being soundly converted in the old-fashioned spiritual Methodist way. His strong personal characteristics border on eccentricity. They seem to grow out of his child-like simplicity, singleness of aim and disregard of all conventionalities, and are not especially offensive to a truly refined nature.

There is nothing rough or coarse about him. He is Methodist in experience, doctrine and practice, carrying in his own person the fervor and fire of fifty years ago, in connection with the refinements of the present. In brief, he takes his audience by storm and holds the fort until the most stubborn will capitulate.

Mr. Harrison was born in Dorchester district, Boston, Mass., on Christmas day in 1854. He is the son of a pioneer mother, who said to have prayed daily that her boy might become a minister. At the time of his conversion he was employed as a clerk in Boston and he relates this story of how he came to join the church.

"One summer I went down to New Brunswick on a vacation. I was having a good time until one morning I received a telegram from home, telling me that my brother, Freddie, was dead. I went home and found my mother very thin and pale. She told me that she had been praying for me, and when she prayed, 'O God, save my boy, I felt inclined to yield, but I didn't. I was standing, the next winter, on the street in the snow and leaning against an icy rail post when I heard a voice saying to me, 'no, no, no, no.' But I said, 'Good God, you didn't ask me to get down in the snow and ice. I can't kneel here in the street; just wait till I get to my room and I'll give up all. I'm afraid, Lord, I'll freeze here.' I heard the voice, 'no, no, no.' Again I remonstrated. 'I can't kneel here; I shall freeze; I know I shall. But the voice spoke again, 'now or never.' I gave up, knelt down on the ice in the street and cried, 'now, Lord, and he saved me quick as a flash.

He says his conversion occurred at about midnight on December 3, 1869. He was at that time 15 years of age. Upon the advice of Rev. Daniel Richards, pastor of the Methodist church in Dorchester, young Harrison began his training for the ministry. He entered as a student at Wilbraham academy. And after remaining there some time, he was granted license to preach. Later he received into Brooklyn lay college under the care of Rev. Edwin C. Talmage, and then began his career as an evangelist.

Perhaps his greatest work was in Brooklyn Tabernacle. One hundred persons went to the altar the first night he preached and Dr. Talmage received in one day 416 new members as a result of young Harrison's effective pleadings. His constant prayer has been:

"O for that flame of living fire Which shone so bright in saints of old! My life, my blood, I here present, If for thy truth they may be spent."

In Baltimore nearly 1,000 persons were converted in a week, and it is said that on account of this meeting a number of rumormongers were thrown out of employment. He has been equally successful in other cities and in talking of the way in which he reaches the hearts of men he says:

"I am fully persuaded that no amount of reasoning will ever melt the human soul. It takes the lightning flashes of the Holy Ghost to penetrate the hidden recesses of the human soul, and lay bare the human conscience and make the sinner feel the weight of his sin and start the cry, 'God, be merciful to me, a sinner.'"

Dr. Harrison is small in stature. In his early career he was called "the boy preacher," a description which aptly fits him today, although he is 46 years old and has been in the ministry 25 years.

BISHOP FITZGERALD ON HARRISON.

Bishop J. N. Fitzgerald of the Southern Methodist church and the church in Italy have broken forth afresh, but now they have become more than mere rumors, because there are significant facts. The most important is the jubilee and the opening of the sacred door of St. Peter.

Pope IX. established the jubilee and the holy year for 1875, but when that year came the project was abandoned upon the pretext that the pope being a prisoner, could not preside over a jubilee. After mature deliberation Leo XIII. proclaimed 1900 the holy year and announced that he would personally open the sacred door. Those whose opinion is authoritative declare that this action on the part of his holiness can mean only one thing, the longest reconciliation. Cardinal Gotti, one of the most influential members of the sacred college, and urged by Leo as his successor as pope, said:

"A reconciliation with Italy is not impossible. It would be as useful for the church as the Vatican. In the presence of the dangers which menace the Italian state, especially socialism, the Roman church would be a valuable ally."

"Upon what conditions could the alliance be made?" he was asked. "I think both sides would make concessions," was his reply.

The jubilee could be prolonged until the end of the year because the pope holds that the new century begins on January 1, 1901.

religious people fear for the future. Many seek pleasure, but that don't take away the fear of death.

Sometimes we sing an old, old hymn, "Must I to Judgment Be Brought?" You answer for My Every Thought?" You say that is poetry and imagination—a hymn. Yes, it is poetry, but there is no imagination in it. It is a bible fact.

That person who is converted and still loves to dance and attend theaters has religion so shallow that he or she generally dies screaming.

Death is treacherous. It comes to the business man while he counts his cash; his life is blown out suddenly, and he stands before God. What can he say?

Did you ever hear a dying sinner say death was glorious?

Did you ever hear an infidel say that his last hours were the happiest of his life?

Life is so short and the cradle and grave are so close together that we can scarcely turn around without touching the woe of one and the marble of the other.

God's word is plain. It is time to God. This injunction admits of no delay, and makes no provision for tomorrow.

One of the elements in the Christian life is courage. You cannot get along without it. God has no use for people who are continually depressed and discouraged.

The church ought to be kept so hot with the fire of the Holy Ghost that card players, theatergoers and ballroom attendants could no longer remain in it. It is not right to pray to God to help us in our endeavors? Is it not right to pray to God at the opening of each day? "Prosper thy servant today," is I think, a beautiful prayer.

You are nearing the grave. Do you ever think of that? It is time to get yourself right. "Get thy house in order."

I have no doubt my name is written in heaven. Like the old man who died without leaving a dollar, death would be a good investment. I am already insured in heaven for more than I am worth.

There is ample provision in the bible for all our cares.

There are promises in the bible for your soul. There are also curses that alarm, and they may well cause all of us to look to our foundations. Are your names on the church book and not on God's?

Aching hearts find peace in Christ. You have tried the world, and it has deceived you; you have tried its pleasures, but they have not satisfied you. The devil says "tomorrow," but remember the word of the Lord, "Ye be able to go up at once and possess the land."

How can you get rid of sin? Determine in your heart by the help of God, and say: "I am going to enter within the veil today."

Praise the Lord for a crumb and he will give you a slice, praise him for the slice and you will get a whole loaf.

What men need is an unlimited and uncompromising faith.

I must do my duty. I am going to draw the line so straight that sinners can almost hear it snap.

There is no time for delay. The command has gone forth from the throne: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." O, sinner, take warning. Your days are numbered. Your end is nigh.

PRIESTS MAY YET MARRY

Rome.—(Special).—The pope is contemplating an order permitting the priests of the Catholic church to marry. The first step has already been taken in the encyclical to the bishops of South America, in which permission is given to the priests there to take wives unto themselves.

Mgr. Gallia, rector of the Spanish college in Rome, says that the concession granted by the holy father to priests in South America is to meet special conditions.

"I don't think his holiness will issue a general order releasing all the priests of the church from their vows of celibacy," Mgr. Gallia continued. "This question of clergy having been established by a general council, I think that only a general council would have authority to make a change."

On the other hand, Mgr. Tulli, one of the most eminent jurists of the Vatican, is firmly convinced that the pope purposes to abolish the rule of celibacy for the priesthood before he dies. Mgr. Tulli says:

"The day the pope conceived the great project of the union of the Christian church he must have begun to examine all the difficulties which might stand in the way. One obstacle, perhaps the greatest, of them all, is that in all denominations except the Roman church the priests and ministers are permitted to marry or not, as they choose. I believe that after mature deliberation the holy father has reached the conclusion that the obstacle is not insurmountable. I am convinced that he will abolish the enforced celibacy of the clergy. I don't believe that there will be a general encyclical affecting the Catholic church throughout the world. That would be revolutionary. But I think that the change will come about by degrees and that his order affecting the priests of South America is the beginning."

The familiar rumors of a reconciliation between the Vatican and the church in Italy have broken forth afresh, but now they have become more than mere rumors, because there are significant facts. The most important is the jubilee and the opening of the sacred door of St. Peter.

Pope IX. established the jubilee and the holy year for 1875, but when that year came the project was abandoned upon the pretext that the pope being a prisoner, could not preside over a jubilee. After mature deliberation Leo XIII. proclaimed 1900 the holy year and announced that he would personally open the sacred door. Those whose opinion is authoritative declare that this action on the part of his holiness can mean only one thing, the longest reconciliation. Cardinal Gotti, one of the most influential members of the sacred college, and urged by Leo as his successor as pope, said:

"A reconciliation with Italy is not impossible. It would be as useful for the church as the Vatican. In the presence of the dangers which menace the Italian state, especially socialism, the Roman church would be a valuable ally."

"Upon what conditions could the alliance be made?" he was asked. "I think both sides would make concessions," was his reply.

The jubilee could be prolonged until the end of the year because the pope holds that the new century begins on January 1, 1901.

ROMANCE OF AN OMAHA GIRL

Omaha, Neb.—(Special).—How a pair of melting brown eyes looking up from the keyboard of a typewriter revolutionized the entire career of one of the most famous physicians of the west is likely to be a theme of gossip in society here for many a day.

Meanwhile Dr. William J. Galbraith's sign still decorates a door on the fifth floor of the Paxton building, while on the fourth floor appears the announcement of Mrs. Alice Galbraith, the wife who divorced him, that hairdressing and manicuring are undertaken within.

The sign on the floor above is misleading. Dr. Galbraith is no longer there. The typewriter is silent. The fingers that once scamped over it so nimbly are now in the eyes of the law. The melting brown eyes are those of his new wife, and she and she alone, to journey off across summer seas, perhaps never to return.

What makes the story most remarkable to the thousands who knew Dr. Galbraith is that he, the father of a boy of 15 and the man whose career seemed settled on bedrock, should have thrown to the winds all that he had won and fared forth with his siren into the new worlds as gaily as any rash undergraduate.

Galbraith was chief surgeon of the Union Pacific railway, one of the most coveted medical posts in this part of the continent. This brought him an income of \$10,000 a year. Then he had the privilege of private practice, and this was a valuable branch of his activity.

His skill as a surgeon had won him renown, and no practitioner was in greater demand for difficult operations. In his domestic life there seemed to be no flaw. Mrs. Galbraith is esteemed in the best society of Omaha as an admirable woman. Their son was a youth of bright promise, devoted to both his father and mother. The Galbraith home was in the most fashionable quarter of the city, and was the scene of many festivities.

Miss Luella M. Willard was the stenographer in Dr. Galbraith's office. She was very handsome, the idol of a widowed mother, living on the North side, and her employer entertained tender feelings for her was not for a long time suspected.

The rupture occurred last May, when Mrs. Galbraith applied for a divorce. Strong in the dignity of her grief, she made strenuous efforts to keep the details from becoming public, and was successful.

He returned to Omaha a few weeks ago, as suddenly as he had left. Soon afterward Miss Willard asked for leave of absence and obtained it. Unknown to her friends, she and her former employer met by appointment in St. Louis, and thence, for secrecy, went to the little town of St. Charles, Mo., and were married.

How comes the intelligence that the infatuated physician and his second wife are about to embark on a tour of the Orient, to last at least a year. Mr. O. Dennett, a nephew of President Dole, will pilot them as far as Honolulu. Thence, after being much much by the friends Dr. Galbraith made on his recent trip, they will sail for China and Japan. Probably they will take a look at Manila.

That they will ever again be seen in Omaha is doubtful. Dr. Galbraith is said to have been so great in his prestige there professionally and personally that he would be welcomed as a permanent resident. He says that, and his bride may settle there for life.

Meanwhile Mrs. Alice Galbraith struggles along bravely at her new calling, sustained by love for her big boy, who is away at school; and only a wistful look that sometimes comes into her resolute eyes tell how deeply her heart has been wounded.

LOST HIS BRIDE THROUGH DELAY

Birmingham, Ala.—(Special).—That the non-delivery of a telegram cost him a bride, and that the bride was worth \$10,000 to him—these are the fundamental allegations in the case of W. F. Beck against the Western Union Telegraph company.

He is suing the company for the amount mentioned, and his principal witness will be the woman he hoped to win but didn't. She is now Mrs. Preston Ragland.

Whether her husband has been consulted about her evidence does not appear, but the plaintiff expects her to testify that if she had received his telegram she would be Mrs. Beck today instead of Mrs. Ragland.

Dora Ward was the maiden name of the lady and her home was at Centerville. Beck and Ragland were two of her very particular admirers. A third was F. C. Jones. All were anxious to wed her in hot haste.

It occurred to this capricious beauty to start her suitors on a race, with herself for the goal. So she sent each a telegram, identical in form, announcing that whichever first reached her side should be rewarded with her hand.

Poor Beck happened to be at Centerville, 200 miles away, in the southern part of the state. Such are railway connections that the trips consumed two days. Content, for reasons that will appear later, that Miss Ward would not allow him to suffer because of this handicap, he sent her a telegram reading:

"You will get a letter from me Tuesday, and will see you Wednesday."

This is the telegram that was never delivered—the \$10,000 telegram, if Beck wins his suit against the Western Union.

Jones missed his train and that put him out of the race. Ragland was not only first at the post, but the rest were nowhere. Miss Ward lived up to her word and became his bride.

Beck has an interesting tale to tell in support of his contention that Miss Ward would not have become Mrs. Ragland if she had only received the telegram.

Mrs. Ragland has not been heard on this question yet. The case was called for trial a few days ago, but was postponed because she was absent, but Beck asserts she has told him since her marriage that the arrival of the missing telegram up to within ten minutes of her wedding would have resulted in the summary dismissal of Ragland.

The latter is a prosperous young planter. What he thinks of the situation remains to be learned.

TRUE STORY OF CAPTAIN KIDD.

Captain William Kidd has been regarded as the Prince of Pirates for 200 years, yet, strange to say, his wife suffered nothing socially from the infamy which attaches to his name. She saved enough out of the fortune the captain accumulated "as he sailed, and as he sailed," to live in comfort in her house in Liberty street, New York. After remaining a widow two years she married again. Of her career after that time nothing definite is known. The history of her daughter is also a matter of conjecture, but it is quite possible that she became the mother of children whose descendants are living today, little dreaming of their connection with the great Captain Kidd, pirate.

This man was once a resident of Boston. When he walked down Washington street he never appeared with a bandanna on his head, nor a brace of horse pistols at his belt; nor yet was he seen with a gleaming dagger between his teeth.

As a matter of fact, Captain Kidd was an amateur among pirates. The romance which surrounds the name of Kidd is worthy of Shakespeare. The true Kidd, whose acquaintance we make by means of official documents relating to his case, many of them still in the archives at the state house on Beacon Hill in Boston, is a character far from the better adapted to serve as the hero of a comic opera by Gilbert and Sullivan.

His whole piratical career lasted less than a year, his prizes were not more than half a dozen, perhaps not as many while, as for the prisoners that fell into his hands, not one ever walked the plank; the worst that happened to them was being put ashore at the nearest available landing place.

William Kidd was born in Scotland, the son of a Presbyterian minister. It is said Kidd dubbed "Gentleman" in the record of his marriage in 1691 in New York City to Sarah, widow of a Dutch sea captain, Jan Gort. Kidd was at that time a highly respected and promising captain of a merchant ship sailing between New York and London, and had gained some local fame by a capture made during a voyage as a privateer in the war with France.

He built a good house in Liberty street, some say Wall street, New York, and had a daughter, before his piratical career began. It is said that he had a daughter, and had gained some local fame by a capture made during a voyage as a privateer in the war with France.

For many years New York had been noted as the Mecca of pirates, who came and went with about as much unconcern as honest sea-faring men—men who were not such the worst of the pirates. There was hardly a merchant of any consequence in that city—the founders of the fortunes of "the 499" of today—who was not a sharer, directly or indirectly, in the rich spoils of piracy.

Some of his voyages to London and back were made in the East India ship, the Earl of Belmont, and had gained some local fame by a capture made during a voyage as a privateer in the war with France.

He built a good house in Liberty street, some say Wall street, New York, and had a daughter, before his piratical career began. It is said that he had a daughter, and had gained some local fame by a capture made during a voyage as a privateer in the war with France.

For many years New York had been noted as the Mecca of pirates, who came and went with about as much unconcern as honest sea-faring men—men who were not such the worst of the pirates. There was hardly a merchant of any consequence in that city—the founders of the fortunes of "the 499" of today—who was not a sharer, directly or indirectly, in the rich spoils of piracy.

Some of his voyages to London and back were made in the East India ship, the Earl of Belmont, and had gained some local fame by a capture made during a voyage as a privateer in the war with France.

He built a good house in Liberty street, some say Wall street, New York, and had a daughter, before his piratical career began. It is said that he had a daughter, and had gained some local fame by a capture made during a voyage as a privateer in the war with France.

For many years New York had been noted as the Mecca of pirates, who came and went with about as much unconcern as honest sea-faring men—men who were not such the worst of the pirates. There was hardly a merchant of any consequence in that city—the founders of the fortunes of "the 499" of today—who was not a sharer, directly or indirectly, in the rich spoils of piracy.

Some of his voyages to London and back were made in the East India ship, the Earl of Belmont, and had gained some local fame by a capture made during a voyage as a privateer in the war with France.

He built a good house in Liberty street, some say Wall street, New York, and had a daughter, before his piratical career began. It is said that he had a daughter, and had gained some local fame by a capture made during a voyage as a privateer in the war with France.

For many years New York had been noted as the Mecca of pirates, who came and went with about as much unconcern as honest sea-faring men—men who were not such the worst of the pirates. There was hardly a merchant of any consequence in that city—the founders of the fortunes of "the 499" of today—who was not a sharer, directly or indirectly, in the rich spoils of piracy.

Some of his voyages to London and back were made in the East India ship, the Earl of Belmont, and had gained some local fame by a capture made during a voyage as a privateer in the war with France.

He built a good house in Liberty street, some say Wall street, New York, and had a daughter, before his piratical career began. It is said that he had a daughter, and had gained some local fame by a capture made during a voyage as a privateer in the war with France.

For many years New York had been noted as the Mecca of pirates, who came and went with about as much unconcern as honest sea-faring men—men who were not such the worst of the pirates. There was hardly a merchant of any consequence in that city—the founders of the fortunes of "the 499" of today—who was not a sharer, directly or indirectly, in the rich spoils of piracy.

Some of his voyages to London and back were made in the East India ship, the Earl of Belmont, and had gained some local fame by a capture made during a voyage as a privateer in the war with France.

He built a good house in Liberty street, some say Wall street, New York, and had a daughter, before his piratical career began. It is said that he had a daughter, and had gained some local fame by a capture made during a voyage as a privateer in the war with France.

For many years New York had been noted as the Mecca of pirates, who came and went with about as much unconcern as honest sea-faring men—men who were not such the worst of the pirates. There was hardly a merchant of any consequence in that city—the founders of the fortunes of "the 499" of today—who was not a sharer, directly or indirectly, in the rich spoils of piracy.

Some of his voyages to London and back were made in the East India ship, the Earl of Belmont, and had gained some local fame by a capture made during a voyage as a privateer in the war with France.

He built a good house in Liberty street, some say Wall street, New York, and had a daughter, before his piratical career began. It is said that he had a daughter, and had gained some local fame by a capture made during a voyage as a privateer in the war with France.

For many years New York had been noted as the Mecca of pirates, who came and went with about as much unconcern as honest sea-faring men—men who were not such the worst of the pirates. There was hardly a merchant of any consequence in that city—the founders of the fortunes of "the 499" of today—who was not a sharer, directly or indirectly, in the rich spoils of piracy.

Some of his voyages to London and back were made in the East India ship, the Earl of Belmont, and had gained some local fame by a capture made during a voyage as a privateer in the war with France.

He built a good house in Liberty street, some say Wall street, New York, and had a daughter, before his piratical career began. It is said that he had a daughter, and had gained some local fame by a capture made during a voyage as a privateer in the war with France.

For many years New York had been noted as the Mecca of pirates, who came and went with about as much unconcern as honest sea-faring men—men who were not such the worst of the pirates. There was hardly a merchant of any consequence in that city—the founders of the fortunes of "the 499" of today—who was not a sharer, directly or indirectly, in the rich spoils of piracy.

Some of his voyages to London and back were made in the East India ship, the Earl of Belmont, and had gained some local fame by a capture made during a voyage as a privateer in the war with France.

He built a good house in Liberty street, some say Wall street, New York, and had a daughter, before his piratical career began. It is said that he had a daughter, and had gained some local fame by a capture made during a voyage as a privateer in the war with France.

For many years New York had been noted as the Mecca of pirates, who came and went with about as much unconcern as honest sea-faring men—men who were not such the worst of the pirates. There was hardly a merchant of any consequence in that city—the founders of the fortunes of "the 499" of today—who was not a sharer, directly or indirectly, in the rich spoils of piracy.

Some of his voyages to London and back were made in the East India ship, the Earl of Belmont, and had gained some local fame by a capture made during a voyage as a privateer in the war with France.

He built a good house in Liberty street, some say Wall street, New York, and had a daughter, before his piratical career began. It is said that he had a daughter, and had gained some local fame by a capture made during a voyage as a privateer in the war with France.

For many years New York had been noted as the Mecca of pirates, who came and went with about as much unconcern as honest sea-faring men—men who were not such the worst of the pirates. There was hardly a merchant of any consequence in that city—the founders of the fortunes of "the 499" of today—who was not a sharer, directly or indirectly, in the rich spoils of piracy.

Some of his voyages to London and back were made in the East India ship, the Earl of Belmont, and had gained some local fame by a capture made during a voyage as a privateer in the war with France.

He built a good house in Liberty street, some say Wall street, New York, and had a daughter, before his piratical career began. It is said that he had a daughter, and had gained some local fame by a capture made during a voyage as a privateer in the war with France.

For many years New York had been noted as the Mecca of pirates, who came and went with about as much unconcern as honest sea-faring men—men who were not such the worst of the pirates. There was hardly a merchant of any consequence in that city—the founders of the fortunes of "the 499" of today—who was not a sharer, directly or indirectly, in the rich spoils of piracy.

Some of his voyages to London and back were made in the East India ship, the Earl of Belmont, and had gained some local fame by a capture made during a voyage as a privateer in the war with France.

He built a good house in Liberty street, some say Wall street, New York, and had a daughter, before his piratical career began. It is said that he had a daughter, and had gained some local fame by a capture made during a voyage as a privateer in the war with France.

For many years New York had been noted as the Mecca of pirates, who came and went with about as much unconcern as honest sea-faring men—men who were not such the worst of the pirates. There was hardly a merchant of any consequence in that city—the founders of the fortunes of "the 499" of today—who was not a sharer, directly or indirectly, in the rich spoils of piracy.

remained defiant, he was arrested, in old Province House, where he had gone to plead with Belmont. With the members of his crew that came to Boston with him, he became the guest of grim old Caleb Ray, "keeper of his majesty's prison," where the old court house now stands. There he remained seven months, during which period the authorities were so fearful of his escape that two men were employed at 18 pence a night to watch the jail from the outside, while a third was employed within solely to keep an eye on Kidd himself.

The day when Kidd was arrested Campbell's house was searched, and gold dust and ingots, with silver, to the value of over \$5,000, were found concealed in one of Kidd's ship mattresses.

Among the Massachusetts state house archives is a document, browned with age, and dated July 25, headed: "The Petition of Sarah Kidd," in which she recites that her husband, "having been committed to the common gaol in Boston for Piracy, and under straightened circumstances," she prays with great humility that on account of her great affection for her husband, she be "permitted to have communication with him, for his relief, in such due season and manner as may be thought fit." Being unable to write, Sarah simply made her mark at the bottom of the paper.

While Kidd remained in jail his captors were not having a comfortable time, thanks to the political hue which his prosecution assumed, for the ministry was whig, and the tory opposition did not scruple to taunt the government with the king, with having been partners in piracy.

Some one had to be a scapegoat, and so, of course, poor Kidd must hang, no matter what the degree of his guilt might be. It was discovered that New England law did not provide the death penalty for piracy, so he must, perforce, be sent to England in order to make the punishment fit the crime.

Kidd had the honor, apparently, of going to England in the first man-of-war that ever visited American waters. If not the first vessel that ever bore the title, for a chronicle of the time writes, upon a certain day in February, 1699: "The Advice a ship called a man-of-war, came to take the pirate."

She sailed February 28, having on board, besides Kidd, a score of pirates, valuables and money to the value of about \$50,000, two-thirds of which had been recovered at Gardiner's, on Long Island, and in Stamford, and two, a negro and a Hindoo, which formed part of the recovered booty.

What became of a slave girl landed by Kidd at Long Island does not appear.

Arrived in England, Kidd was kept awaiting trial for a year, while search was made in the East Indies for evidence against him. His defense was that two of the ships he seized were sailing under French passes, and that when the others were taken he was held prisoner in his cabin by the mutinous crew. Kidd had held a commission to take vessels having French passes, and he asserted that not only had he possessed good proofs of his innocence, but that he had given them to Belmont, in Boston, and had been unable to get them back again.

The judge regarded his contention as a mere pretense. Kidd was put on trial in spite of himself, charged, not with piracy, but the murder of one of his sailors, one William Moore, whom he had killed with a bucket.

It was of this that the poet sang: I murdered William Moore, And I left him in his gore, Not many leagues from shore, As I sailed.

All the government testimony showed that while Kidd did kill the sailor, it was not deliberate murder, but that he had blown him with a bucket given during an altercation between them, in which Moore had taunted the captain "with having refused to commit piracy against a Dutch ship, lying near by, and which the mutinous crew were clamoring to attack."

Yet Kidd was promptly convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged once more. After listening to the sentence, he simply remarked: "I am the innocentest man of them all, but only convicted on perjured testimony."

With his companions, he was hanged at Execution Dock, in May, 1701.

American Girl's Downfall

Paris Correspondence New York World: Mollie Carter, an American girl, employed as a typewriter at an American bicycle agency here, inherited two months ago \$15,000 from an uncle in Duluth, Minn. The girl, who is rather good looking, immediately purchased a lot of expensive dresses, and, when attired smartly enough, began to enjoy Paris. She became acquainted with a disreputable crowd of American sharp and vaudeville soubrettes. Today Miss Carter is lying critically ill in a hospital, having been picked up in a state of frightful intoxication. Her money has either been exhausted or stolen, and she is now penniless. She begs continually for absinthe. Physicians say she will recover, but that she is probably a confirmed absinthe fiend, and the liquor is bound to kill her.

YOUNG ASTOR

London Correspondence New York World: William Waldorf Astor's eldest son ardently desired to volunteer for service in South Africa with the Imperial Yeomanry